

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1876, and is now in its one hundred and twenty-fourth year. It is published weekly, except on Sundays, and is the only paper of its kind in the city. It is published for the Proprietor by the Mercury Publishing Co., 124 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 12, F. O. P., John J. Sanborn, Warden; James H. Gifford, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.  
THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.  
REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., David Blum, Chancellor; Constantine, Robert B. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.  
DAVIDSON LODGE, No. 8, U. L. K. of P., St. Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.  
NEWPORT CAMP, No. 707, M. W. A., A. A. Pike, Vex. Com.; Charles S. Packer, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings in each month.  
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets second and fourth Thursday in each month.

## Local Matters.

### Snow and Rain.

Newport has been visited by another severe storm this week. Wednesday morning a wet, heavy snow began to fall and the amount on the ground accumulated rapidly. At noon the snow on the hills made it necessary to send out the snow plow and the tracks of the local road were thus kept open. The snowfall on the island was more severe than it was in this city but the cars of the island road were able to make their regular trips very nearly on time.

Later in the afternoon the snow turned to rain and then the walking became about the worst of the winter. Especially on Thames street was it bad, for the water poured down the side streets and flooded the street. Although many of the sidewalks were cleared, no attempt was made to clean the crosswalks or gutters until Thursday morning.

A high wind and heavy snow prevailed along the coast all day Wednesday. In the evening a small schooner was observed in distress off Point Judith. A message was sent to Collector Hammett of this port for assistance. Mr. Hammett notified the light house tender Myrtle but it was too rough for the small steamer to venture out. He also sent word to the revenue cutter Dexter at New Bedford and the latter craft brought the schooner into this harbor Thursday afternoon. The vessel was the Amanda E., bound from Chatham to New London. It rode out the storm until Thursday when the Dexter came to its assistance.

The New England and Middle Atlantic states have suffered severe losses by flood this week. Many lives have been lost and the monetary damage has been great. The rivers have been higher than in many years. Bridges which were built to withstand the ravages of the elements have gone down like eggshells. Rhode Island, being a flat country, has escaped easily the devastation that has visited her neighbors.

At the Training Station barracks last night a portrait of the late President McKinley was unveiled with appropriate exercises. Addresses were made by Commander Murdoch, U. S. N., Rev. Geo. Whitefield Mead, and Chaplain Cassard, U. S. N.

Mr. Clarence A. Hammett having filed his bond as city treasurer probably intends to retain that office as well as that of collector of customs for the year. It is understood that the office of collector has not been a very remunerative one thus far.

The concert by the Jeter Family on Thursday evening, March 7, promises to be as enjoyable as its predecessors. The concert is for the benefit of the chandeleur fund of the church.

Vote will be taken on the ship subsidy bill in the senate on March 15th. It will pass that body by a large majority.

Hon. O. H. P. Belmont is reported as considerably improved.

### Recent Deaths.

**John Y. Hudson.**  
John Y. Hudson died at the Soldiers' Home in Bristol last Sunday, death being due to a general breaking up. He had been in feeble health for some time but death came suddenly at the last. He had been in the Home for several months, having gone there of his own choice, although his friends in this city endeavored to care for him in his old age.

Mr. Hudson was a man who was admired and esteemed by all who knew him. Honest and faithful in all he undertook, his reputation for strict integrity was unassailable. He was a man of kindly disposition, courteous in all his relations with others, ever ready with a word of sympathy to those in trouble or affliction. Rather than inflict a moment's trouble on another, he would himself suffer hardship and inconvenience. Few men are endowed with the admirable traits of character of John Y. Hudson.

Mr. Hudson was a native of Ireland but came to this country at an early age. During the Civil War he enlisted in the Sixth New York Artillery as a private in 1863 and served through the remainder of the war, being mustered out on August 25, 1865. At the close of the war he came to Newport and followed the painter's trade for many years.

Mr. Hudson had been a member of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., since 1877 and served 18 years as post adjutant, a position which he filled commendably. He was an honorary member of the Third Regiment R. I. Heavy Artillery Veteran Association, and was a member of Redwood Lodge, K. of P.

Funeral services were held at Emmanuel Church last Wednesday afternoon. The body was escorted to its last resting place by Charles E. Lawton Post and Redwood Lodge, K. P. The bearers were Post Department Commander A. K. McMahon, Past Commanders William S. Bailey and Edwin H. Tilley and Quartermaster Charles E. Harvey.

#### Augustus L. Clouthier.

The flag of Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., was at half-staff the past week, out of respect to the memory of Augustus L. Clouthier, sergeant in Troop D, Fifteenth United States Cavalry, who died in the military hospital at Oroquieta, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, on January 6th. First Lieutenant J. O. Ross, who is in command of Troop D, and also a member of the order, sent the news to the Rhode Island Lodge and said: "He died as he lived, a true Odd Fellow and soldier."

The degree team and about one hundred members of Weenat Shusht Tribe of Red Men visited Attleboro Wednesday night and exemplified the work before a large gathering by invitation of Marquette Tribe of that town. The local Red Men left here on a special train and returned about 3 o'clock Thursday morning. They had a most enjoyable outing notwithstanding the storm.

Excelsior Lodge Degree Team, accompanied by a large number of members, went to Oakland Hall at South Portsmouth on Saturday evening of last week to confer the second degree on members of the order in that town. A very large number were present and the evening proved a very enjoyable one.

Another delightful evening at whist by Aquidneck Chapter, O. E. S., was given in the Masonic Building Tuesday evening. There were twenty-five tables engaged. The prizes were won by: Ladies' first, Mrs. William D. Sayer; ladies' second, Miss Bertha Peckham; gentlemen's first, Mr. William Carry.

Enma Relebak Lodge held a whist party Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, which was largely attended. Twenty-three tables were in order, and six prizes were given. The occasion proved a most enjoyable one to every one present.

At a meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 12, New England Order of Protection, held in Mercury Hall, Thursday evening, two members were initiated and several applications received.

The river and harbor bill as introduced in Congress provides \$39,000 for improvements to Newport harbor and \$13,000 for a harbor at either Point Judith or Block Island.

Julius Taylor of this city and Miss Alice Baldwin of Constance were married in Grace church, Cumberland, on Thursday. They will reside in this city.

Mrs. Albert C. Lunders, Jr., who underwent an operation last week, is now believed to be on the road to recovery.

The veteran newspaper man, Mr. John Gilpin, is confined to his home on John street by a severe cold.

### City Council.

**Plumber's Ordinance Causes Much Discussion in the Common Council—No Action Taken on Increase of Appropriations as Requested by Two Departments.**

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held Tuesday evening when a warm discussion took place among the members of the common council in regard to the amendment of the ordinance for the regulation of plumbing. The ordinance was finally passed.

All the members of the common council were in their seats and there was but one absentee from the board of aldermen. The report of the finance committee was received and bills ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Assessor,	\$24.23
Brokers, auctioneers and printing,	183.02
Fire department,	925.01
Board of health,	1,511.81
Incidentals,	29.21
Illuminating streets,	9,000.81
Police and vagrants,	177.12
Police department,	126.50
Public buildings,	163.31
Public schools,	8,501.22
Streets and highways,	1,002.25
Town Jew's synagogue fund,	21.00
Town of Coggeshall burial ground fund,	52.00
Barred grounds,	20.00
Dust fund,	21.00
Total,	\$17,714.87

In the common council an ordinance in amendment of the ordinance in relation to plumbing was introduced. The amendment provides for an inspector of plumbing, with broad powers, and for a board of examiners who shall examine all applicants for plumbers' licenses, but those now holding licenses are exempt from its provisions. Councilman Ritchie moved to lay on the table for one month in order that the members might have an opportunity to examine into its merits. Councilman Kelly explained that the only radical change from the present ordinance was in the board of examiners and that this was in keeping with the ordinances of other cities. The motion to lay on the table was lost, 3 to 12. City Solicitor Burdick, when called on for an opinion, stated that there were at least some clerical errors and that it ought to be referred to the committee on ordinances. He said that it could be passed though at the present session. The bill was then read for the second time and the numbering of the sections was amended, after which the ordinance was passed. When the ordinance came before the board of aldermen for action there was a tie vote and Mayor Boyle cast the deciding vote in favor of concurring in the action of the common council.

The monthly report of the clerk to the finance committee was received. A brand "automatic cashier" was ordered purchased for the office of collector of taxes. An 8 inch pipe sewer was ordered in Collins street and a petition for the same, presented subsequently, was merely received. An ordinance presented by the board of health prohibiting spitting on the public sidewalks, street cars, public buildings, etc., and providing a fine of \$20 for each offense, was referred to the committee on ordinances.

Communications from the board of health and the school committee in regard to the need for larger appropriations for these departments, were received and no further action taken. The city treasurer was authorized to collect the principal of two bonds for \$1000 each which have matured and make other investment with the same, and also to exchange two shares of a New York bank which has been merged into another concern. The common council passed a resolution authorizing the purchase of a new steam roller for the highway department at a cost of \$3,500 but the board of aldermen voted to lay on the table.

A petition from A. Prescott Baker asking the city to take charge of real and personal estate of Dennis O'Brien, whose present address is unknown, and who is probably dead, was referred to the city solicitor. The real property consists of two pieces of real estate assessed at \$1100, and the personal property amounts to about \$1200. The petition of the Grand Army posts for the usual appropriation of \$300 for Memorial Day was referred to the finance committee. To the committee on streets and highways were referred petitions for an extension of Narragansett avenue, for a sewer in Robinson street, and for macadamizing and grading Mount Vernon court.

The official bond of Clarence A. Hammett, city treasurer, in the sum of \$50,000, with Frederick Tompkins, Henry Bull, Albert Hammett and William C. Scott as sureties, was approved. The report of the street commissioner for the month of February, showing expenditures of \$2,537.32, was received.

A resolution was passed authorizing the committee on printing to procure proposals for printing the city documents as usual. The board of aldermen granted four plumber's licenses.

Mr. D. G. Denham is recovering from his recent illness.

The condition of Mr. James H. Barney remains about the same.

### Whist Gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Crowley entertained friends at whist Thursday evening, the occasion proving a most enjoyable one. After the guests had all arrived whist was played for two hours from half past eight to half past ten. When the final hand was finished, it was found that the two best scores for the evening had been made by Mrs. Edna A. Macdonald and Mr. Joseph S. Allan and they were accordingly awarded the prizes. About eleven o'clock the guests sat down to a supper, which had been prepared for them by their host and hostess, and all made merry in the evening's festivities. It was about midnight that the guests took their departure for home, having spent an exceedingly pleasant evening.

James N. Arnold, commissioner to inquire into the present conditions of the Governor Benedict Arnold burial place, and the title thereto, appeared before the senate committee on State property this week and presented his report. The report is a long document and concludes with a recommendation that a suitable memorial be erected upon the burial plot and the same be properly inscribed.

There is a strike of carpenters in this city at the present time. The members of the Carpenters and Joiners' Union have demanded that each man be paid \$2.75 per day and most of the carpenters are out while awaiting the granting of their demand. The master builders have organized to resist the demand and promise not to accede to the demand. Carpenter work is practically at a standstill.

Tuesday evening the members of Excelsior Lodge had a roll call at its meeting, 85 members responding to their names. Initiation of candidates took place and applications for membership were received. Members from Rhode Island Lodge, of this city and Oakland Lodge, of Portsmouth, and elsewhere, were present. A committee to arrange for the observance of the anniversary of the order was appointed.

The Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., of this city, will have a Testimonial Benefit in Odd Fellows Hall on Friday evening, March 28. It will consist of moving pictures, illustrated songs, stereopticon views, magician exhibitions and a monologue, with music by the Ideal Orchestra. The entertainment will be well worth the price of admission.

Mrs. William Mathers has been entertaining Mrs. Charles Messenger, of Boston.

Mr. Alexander Nicol's youngest child is critically ill at the home of its parents on Newport avenue.

### Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Bishop H. C. Potter's cottage, on Rhode Island avenue, has been rented to Mr. Gould H. Redmond for the coming season.

The summer residence of Mr. Elspard Stewart, known as "White Lodge," has been rented to Mr. James B. Huggins, of New York, for the coming season.

C. H. Wrightington has sold for the A. White estate their house and land on Poplar street, comprising about 2775 square feet of land, to Louis A. Vincent and wife. The land is bounded northerly, 32 feet, on land of the heirs or devisees of Wm. Caswell; southerly, 32 feet, on Poplar street; easterly, 100 feet, on land of E. S. Newton, and westerly, 100 feet, on lands of C. Gardner, Wm. Hamilton, P. Quinn and P. S. Mayberry.

Mrs. William C. Rives has rented her brick villa on the southerly side of Red Cross avenue to Amadeo D. Moran, of New York, for the coming season.

Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., has sub-rented the frame LeRoy King cottage on Bellevue avenue, to Mrs. H. B. Renwick, of New York, for the season of 1902.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for S. H. Whitwell and Frederick Tompkins, trustees for the Abbie S. A. White estate, a lot of land lying on the southerly side of Bliss road to George G. Williams. This lot is bounded northerly, 60 feet, on land of Minnie K. Borden; easterly, 100 feet, on further land of grantors; southerly, 60 feet, on land of A. Todd; and westerly, 100 feet, on the estate of William Finley.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Miss Ellen F. Mason her furnished cottage on the westerly side of Gibbs avenue at the corner of Champlin street to Mrs. George Scott Oldmixon.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Isabelle Allen and others the estate consisting of dwelling and about 3329 square feet of land lying on the westerly side of Spring street to William Hall. The estate is bounded northerly by land of C. Sherman; westerly on lands of A. A. Phelps and H. D. DeBols; southerly on land of M. A. McCormick and easterly on Spring street.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on lease for Henry B. Hazard his unfinished house, at No. 25 Brinley street, to Joseph Galtzert.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. M. G. Wilson the furnished suite of apartments, at No. 30 Old Beach road, to Dr. T. A. Kenefick, of New York, for the coming season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the heirs of the late J. M. Hodgson the cottage and studio on Bellevue avenue to E. W. Histed of New York.

### A Parisian Winter.

**Exciting Scenes at the Mardi Gras—Queer Characters Among the Art Students—The Parisian Shops are Disappointing.**

A personal letter received from Miss Mary Cotton, a few days since, gives some interesting details of the visit of Mrs. and Miss Cotton in Paris, where they have been spending a few months with Mr. William Cotton, Mrs. Cotton's son, who is studying art there.

"I need not tell you how much we have enjoyed our visit, for I am sure you can imagine how nice it seems to be with W. after not seeing him for over a year. And the trip has done Mamma so much good I can never be thankful enough that we could come. She is as well as can be. We find Paris even nicer than we imagined it (at least I do). It is certainly a beautiful city, with its handsome public buildings, parks, and the Seine. We live, of course, in the Art Quarter of Paris, the real 'Latin Quarter,' so as to be near W.'s studio, and it is awfully interesting to see the artists and art students. There are a great many of them in this hotel, all ages and nationalities. The lady in the next room to us was seventy years old and an art student. I am sorry to say she became insane last week, and had to be taken to a sanatorium. The girl who has the room now is an art student and deaf and dumb. So you see we are seeing all kinds of people. 'The little French restaurant where we take our meals is one of the most attractive little places I know of. It is spotlessly clean and decorated very artistically. The people who come there are Russians, Germans, French, English, Japanese, Italians, Spanish and Americans, and it is as good as a play to sit and watch them. You can imagine what it sounds like when they are all talking at once. Sometimes the artists bring their models to dinner and they smoke their cigarettes with the men."

A week ago Tuesday was the Carnival, Mardi Gras, and we enjoyed it ever so much. After lunch we went over on the Grand Boulevard and walked from the Madeleine to the Opera, or rather were carried along with the crowd. I never saw such a crowd in my life. As far as we could see in each direction was perfect sea of bobbing heads. No carriages or buses were allowed on the boulevards, and every one was throwing confetti, until it was up to our ankles when we came away, and that was about five o'clock in the afternoon, so I can imagine what it must have been like at night. After we got tired of pushing through the crowd we stood on one of the "safer spots" or cases in the middle of the street and threw confetti. We saw several people we knew, one Mr. J. Hazard Wilson's son, who is studying here. There were a great many children in fancy dress—little princes, clowns, soldiers, nurse maids, Spanish dancers, etc. I saw one tall man dressed as a little boy, too ridiculous for anything, in knee trousers, white blouse, and straw sailor hat, with red ribbons. But there seemed to be very few grown people in Carnival dress. I must tell you how cheap the confetti was. Fully ten or twelve times as much as we got in Newport last summer for five cents.

A few weeks ago I went to the American Girls' Club to dinner. I have a friend, an American art student, who is living there. It is such a quaint place. I believe it was the farm house of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, when this part of Paris was still country; in fact it is one of the oldest houses in Paris.

We were terribly shocked yesterday to hear of the death of Anders Andersen. W. was so fond of him. We haven't heard what was the matter, or anything at all in fact. We are expecting letters tomorrow and I do hope some one has written W. about it, for my heart aches for him he feels so badly. Mr. Andersen was so good to him.

The winter has just flown by. I can hardly realize that in a few weeks we shall be thinking of engaging our passage. We see by the paper that Mr. Timan went home on the Zealand, the ship we came over on. I wonder if he liked it as well as we did. We were perfectly delighted with it and would like to go home on it, but it sails a little later than we want to go, so we may have to come on the Vaderland, which is exactly like the Zealand. We sat at the Doctor's table coming over and it made it very pleasant for us. The Doctor was awfully kind, though we didn't need his professional services, as we were perfectly well every minute of the time.

I have seen so many interesting places that I should not know where to begin to tell you about them; so think it would be better to wait and show you my collection of postals. I have at least six dozen views of Paris, and I hope to have a collection of postals of Antwerp and Brussels, as we are planning to spend a little time in Belgium before we come home.

We have had very few sunny days all winter and a great deal of rain and fog. It almost makes me homesick to read in your letter about snow and sleigh-rides. I think we have seen snow only four or five times all winter, and then such a little bit, just enough to make horrid, slippery streets. It has been a very mild winter (though until February 1st). Since then it has been pretty cold.

One evening an American woman and I went to the theatre with Madame Seger, our landlady. We couldn't understand very much though. My brother took me to see Sara Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon" one night and I really enjoyed that, for she is perfectly grand. But of course I should have enjoyed the play more if I had been able to understand it all. Bernhardt plays in her own theatre and it is very pretty. They have women singers in all the theatres here and it seems so queer. We took one to the Concert Rouge one evening—a sort of cafe hall, where they have really fine music. Every one sits at a little table and drinks coffee or syrup, and the men smoke till the air is fairly blue. It is very interesting to watch the people, the artists, students, and a few models,

and a great many English and Americans. It is quite Bohemian.

We have all been disappointed in the Parisian shops. Window after window filled with imitation diamonds and other French jewelry. They look attractive at a distance, but they are very disappointing near to.

I shall be so glad to have some good American cooking, especially some Johnny cakes. I tell Mamma that I am going to do nothing but cook for a week when I get home.

Sincerely your friend,  
MARY E. COTTON.

### Block Island.

Captain Francis Willis died at an early hour Tuesday morning after a brief illness, heart trouble being the cause of death. He had not been in very good health for some time and at his advanced age, his death was not a great surprise. Funeral services were held in the Baptist chapel yesterday afternoon.

Capt. Willis was born on Block Island on July 22, 1825, the son of Hiram D. and Desre (Mott) Willis. He was one of a large family of children and early found it necessary to earn his own living. Like many other Block Islanders he chose to follow the sea and after some previous experience in easting, he went, in 1841, to Port au Prince, San Domingo; then took up the coasting business again for two years, after which he drifted into the lightering trade in Mobile Bay.

This was about the time of the California gold excitement and Mr. Willis, like many others, succumbed to its influence. He went to Newport on one of the old double enders, took the Fall River boat to New York, and then bought a ticket to Aspinwall in the steamship Illinois. From there, with a party of others, he was taken up the Chagres River by two New Grenada (now Columbia) Indians, as far as Gracia, thence twenty-seven miles overland.

The next day after their arrival they took the steamer to Taboga Island, where Mr. Willis secured the position of quartermaster on the S. S. Carolina. He got into San Francisco about daylight and took a pier-head jump from the steamer, scattering his wages on the trip up. Such was the gold fever in those days!

He then went to Sacramento by steamer and thence by stage with a party, at a cost of \$10 each, to a point as far as the stage would go by dinner time. He and his friends then began to look the ground over, but as the rainy season had set in, they soon satisfied themselves that not much was to be done in the way of prospecting. They had to pay the most outrageous prices for everything, and finally came down to Stockton in a team.

From here, Capt. Willis doubled back to San Francisco, where, being disgusted with gold hunting in the rainy season, he shipped on board the S. S. New Orleans, for Panama. In the Gulf of Tehuantepec they struck a typhoon, which nearly wrecked the ship but it survived and finally reached San Francisco.

Here he left the ship and went into the coasting business. The receipts were large but the expenses were correspondingly large, and after eighteen months he came down the coast on the "Golden Gate," crossed the Isthmus, and in twenty-seven days was at home.

About 1850, or just before he went to California, he bought a small place—about twenty-five acres—and after his return, having accumulated enough to make him independent, he settled down, but being by nature an industrious man he carried on farming on a small scale. He engaged in fishing and was one of the organizers of the first Wrecking Company established here.

After the summer hotel business was developed, Mr. Willis began to take boarders, and finally built the present Seaside House, of which he was the proprietor.

Captain Willis married on June 1, 1850, Miss Hannah I. Dodge of this town who survives him. He also leaves a daughter, Mrs. Anna D. Winslow of Putnam, Conn., and one son, Mr. Orlando F. Willis, who is the manager of the Seaside House.

Captain Willis was a man of strict integrity and sterling character. His friends among the permanent residents and summer visitors were many. His experience of life had been large and he knew well how to tell in an interesting manner of what he had seen.

### Natural History Society.

One of the regular meetings of the Natural History Society was held last Monday evening at the Museum under the chairmanship of the President, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor. There were three papers read. The first one was a report by Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. Army, as to progress in the formation of a complete list of the wild animals of Rhode Island. Dr. Mearns had made excursions into the State, had consulted various authorities, old men who had recollection of the shooting of certain animals now unknown here, also many town clerks who had been very courteous. He had also trapped many of the smaller species and has announced that instead of 52 he had a positive list of 58 species as found in Rhode Island. By end of the year he hoped to complete the list.

The second paper was read by Captain Cotton and was entitled "Some Insect Tyrants," by Miss Stormont Lewis. It described several of the curious, aquatic insects which are to be found in our streams, ponds and ditches, and whose entire life seems to be a warfare on their neighbors.

The third communication was a review by Mr. Taylor of the salient points in the last report issued by the Biological Survey of Washington. The items referred to bore on bird protection, economic ornithology, the Merganser, the Prairie-dog, etc. Several members joined in conversation afterwards, and Captain Cotton particularly drew attention to the advent of sundry spring birds and to the recent settlement of grey squirrels at Hanging Rocks in Middletown, where he sincerely hoped they would not be disturbed.

## THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BALL OF THE QUATRE-ZARS.

WHEN they came to the end of the street, they found more lights and a livelier region; but, for Paris, it was not much to boast of, and cats were scarce. At last, however, they were able to waylay an empty vehicle, into which Darrell assisted the lady of the brown eyes.

Where would monsieur wish to go? It was the cabman's question, and Darrell seemed not to hear it.

"You were on your way?" he began and paused.

"To the Place Blanche," said the companion.

"Ah, yes," responded Darrell. "We will go to the Place Blanche."

He took his place in the carriage and became immediately aware that his companion was shivering pitifully. As the night was unseasonably warm, this phenomenon required an explanation.

"You are ill?" he asked.

"Frightened," she answered. "I am quaking with terror. Absurd, now that it is all over!"

And then she burst into tears, weeping with a perfect self abandonment which he was sufficiently experienced to recognize as the best possible relief. Her calmness in the first minutes of their acquaintance had been astounding and doubtless had been no less so in the terrible scenes that had preceded her extraordinary rescue. Darrell now saw at what expense it had been maintained.

Consolation and tenderness are inseparably connected, and before Darrell was really aware of it he was holding her hand and caressing it as innocently as if she had been a hurt child. Then suddenly she was a woman again, and he was a man of the world restrained by all the barriers of conventionality.

"I am not often so weak," she said. "You would be surprised to know what I have borne without a tear. But I have no intention of burdening you with my sorrows. Help me through a few more minutes until I have formed a plan, and then I will relieve you absolutely of all care of me."

"Surely there must be some one with whom you would wish to communicate," he said.

"There are a few to whom I would send word," she replied, "but unfortunately I do not know just where they are. Certainly they can be of no use to me this night. Moreover, it is disagreeable to mention the circumstance, but I am absolutely without money. I had a purse containing a small sum, but it is gone. There is more at the house where I have been living, but I dare not visit it, for I think the Russian agents are ignorant of the fact that I dwell there, and I would not direct their attention to my friends. Perhaps tomorrow I can send word."

"I will agree to manage that," said Darrell, "and in the meantime let me say in the gentlest way that money does not enter into this problem. I have a large pocketful, and of course you are more than welcome to all you may need. As to the night, we could ride in this cab till daylight if necessary, but I would rather you should have rest, and as to that I have a plan. I have some friends at the students' hall—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Americans and very nice people; precisely the sort for an emergency such as this. I have a card for the hall. It was my intention to go, but I changed my mind. And now fate has changed it for me in the other direction. If you wouldn't mind waiting in this carriage near the Moulin Rouge, I might go in and consult Mrs. Gordon. She is a person of expedients."

"You cannot ask her to take any interest in me," said the girl. "She does not know me, and I have no means of making myself truly known to you. The circumstances of our meeting are a poor guarantee in such a matter."

"There is, however," said Darrell. "such a thing as instinctive recognition of individual character. I have seen



good and bad women, very many of both, and I have seen women of birth and breeding and others who lacked these advantages. Such being the case, though I have known you less than an hour, I am not troubled by the smallest doubt. I shall tell Mrs. Gordon exactly what has happened; I shall tell her precisely what I believe of you, and then, if I know her—

"What can she do?" She cannot take me to her home."

Darrell turned more directly toward her. From the brightly lighted street there came a glow sufficient to illuminate the interior of the carriage, and the girl's face was clearly defined.

"Why not?" he asked. "My friends have nothing to fear from the czar's

spies. The fact that you are persecuted and pursued will merely make them the more anxious to befriend you. They are not afraid of anything, and, as for annoyance, heaven help the man who tries to annoy Robert Gordon. I have known him a good many years. Therefore I say to you, Why not?"

"There is no reason whatever," she said, looking him straight in the eyes. "I am Vera Shevloff, the daughter of a prince. I am of the house of Konstantin of Stavropol."

"Stavropol?" exclaimed Darrell.

"Why are you surprised?"

"Because I have recently met Ivan Getchikoff, son of the governor general of the province," answered Darrell. "I saw him this afternoon in the company of Laddislov, the man whom I believe to have been the coachman of your prison on wheels. It cannot be that Getchikoff assisted him to that enterprise?"

"If it was he, I did not recognize him," she replied. "I doubt, indeed, whether I should know Ivan in broad daylight, and this man I scarcely saw at all."

"I think he would be above such work," said Darrell.

"The Getchikoffs are proud," she said, "but cruel as wolves. They are all powerful in Stavropol today, both in the city and the province. It is probable that I should have been taken there for some form of trial, though as to that I am merely making a guess. I have no means of knowing what would have been done with me except that I should eventually have been sent back to Siberia."

"Sent back?" exclaimed Darrell.

"Have you been there?"

"I accompanied my father," she answered calmly. "Upon the downfall of my family four years ago he was exiled, and my mother and myself chose to share his fate, though we might have avoided it. As to what we suffered, there are now many books which describe the long journey and the horrors that are reserved for those who survive it. My mother lived more than two years after we reached the prison settlement to which we were assigned; my father, some months longer. In Stavropol, my friend, there is a cathedral which my father built, and within it is a tomb of white marble. The snows of Siberia are wilder than the snows, and perhaps my father and my mother sleep as well in one place as another. Let us not think of it."

"But you?" exclaimed Darrell. "You escaped?"

"I was released."

"Then how can you be sent back?"

"Because," said Vera, extending a white hand from the folds of the cloak into the light and holding it clutched in a peculiar manner. "In order to avoid a fate worse than Siberian exile I drove a knife into the heart of Nicholas Gorski, governor of the district."

"Thank God!" gasped Darrell involuntarily.

"The order for my release had already arrived," Vera continued, "and Gorski dared not suppress or delay it. I knew what must happen the instant that I heard of the arrival of the order, and so I prepared the knife for myself. But circumstances made it possible for me to slay it elsewhere than in my own breast. It was all very fortunate. I am told that six months had elapsed and I was far from Siberia before the suspicion arose that I had struck him down. His death was a mystery. Even now, if I were disposed to deny it in a fair tribunal, the act could not be proved. That is why I shall never be openly arrested outside of Russia."

"You came to Paris?"

"Eventually, yes. But I have been in many parts of Europe, even in Stavropol, though that was a great risk, for the Getchikoffs, who plotted and accomplished my father's destruction, would make short work with me. I went to obtain funds that he had hidden, and I was successful. Since coming to Paris I have harbored with nihilists, and that is why I am unable to seek any refuge this night. If I am an object of pursuit upon my own account, I must not attract the hounds toward another quarry. Now you have my story. Shall you tell it to Mrs. Gordon?"

"Most certainly," answered Darrell, "and the sooner the better. I am only sorry that you cannot go with me into the hall, but unmasked it would not be best. I am afraid to leave you alone in the carriage."

"It is impossible that they should have followed me," she said. "I shall not be alarmed."

Darrell glanced out of the cab window.

"We are in the Rue Blanche," he said. "It is the Church of La Trinite that we have just passed to the left there. It is a matter of five minutes now. By heaven, I wish it were not necessary to leave you!"

"I think it would be best for you," said she, "to leave me forever. I am a dangerous companion for you or for your friends. It is monstrous that I should permit you to interest them in me. Why is it not best that I should take the hint you have given me and ride in this cab all night?"

"Alone?" cried Darrell. "If I am to desert you in that way, let the driver take us to the river first. I am not the man who could live after such treason. And, besides, you haven't any money to pay the fellow in the morning, which reminds me that I must lend you some, for it isn't safe to be without it in Paris for a minute."

"I cannot take it," protested Vera, and while they were disputing upon this point the carriage rolled out into the Place Blanche and presently stopped amid a press of vehicles before the portals of the Moulin Rouge.

Darrell directed the cabman to go on a little way, and then alighted. Immediately he was aware of two figures, man and woman, who were hurrying toward him. The man was frocked like a gray friar, with cord and cowl; the woman wore a fawn colored domino, and she twined a mask by its cord.

She had abundant dark brown hair, and she was tall, like Vera. Her companion was a six footer, and he looked a giant in his gray robe.

"I beg your pardon," he said in English. "Are you done with the cab? All these are engaged."

"You leave the ball early," said Darrell.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

## THE IRON RAM MERRIMAC

(Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.)

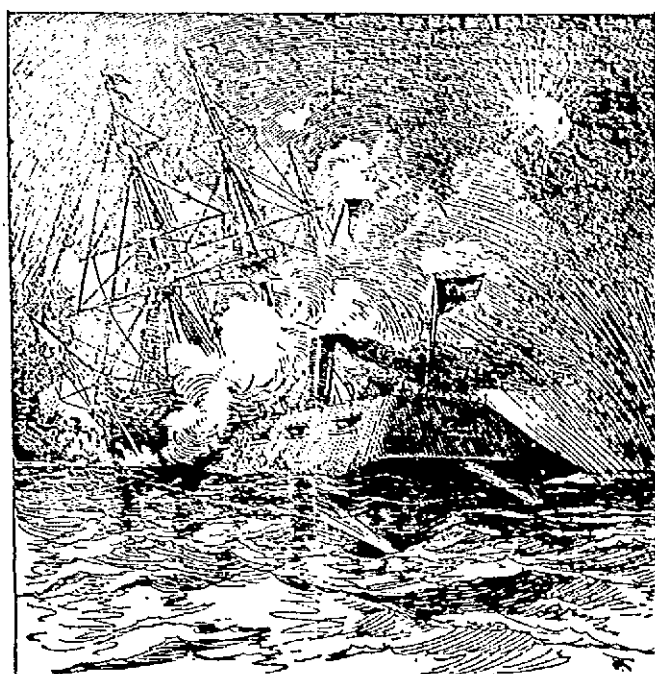
IN order to economize in time as well as in money the projector of the first iron ram fished the ranken hull of the United States war frigate Merrimac from the bottom of Elizabeth river. The conversion of the wooden frigate into an ironclad steam ram began by cutting the old hull down to within three feet of the water line. Both ends for several feet back were decked over level so that the weight of the superstructure and armament would keep them below water, or awash, as the sailors say. In the middle section, or about one-half of the ship, a sloping roof was laid of pitch pine and oak timbers twenty-four inches thick. This roof extended from the water line at an angle of 35 degrees to a point seven feet above the gun deck. At the ends of the vessel this timber shield was rounded so as to give the bow and stern guns a wide sweep in firing.

Over the timber shield of the ram was riveted an armor of iron plating in two layers and four inches thick. In motor power the old hull was weak. Her engines had been condemned as worn out even before they passed through the fire which destroyed the frigate, and they afterward lay for weeks submerged in salt water.

But at her worst the Merrimac, or Virginia, as she was rechristened, was the best fighting machine afloat in southern waters that spring morning when she slipped from her ways, took a sousing if rather ungraceful plunge and righted herself with an air that seemed to convey to the model men-of-war of the world the easy challenging salute: "I am here! Hand down your colors!"

Nothing was lacking to make the Merrimac a most terrible floating battery. She carried a 7 inch rifle each in bow and stern and three 9 inch smoothbores in each broadside. Last, but not least, for that was the main purpose of this unique creation, came the ram, or beak, a cast iron prow, projecting four feet from the bow, and when in action so completely submerged as to be out of sight of the enemy and cut below the water line in striking.

All the heavy armor of the ship was intended simply to shield men, engines, machinery and cannon while the vessel should be fighting her way toward an enemy to give a finishing thrust with that terrible beak, which weighed 1,500 pounds. When the Mer-



FINISHING BLOW TO THE WOODEN SLOOP OF WAR CUMBERLAND.

rimac appeared in Hampton Roads, five Federal vessels lay just across the main channel—the thirty gun sloop Cumberland and the fifty gun frigates Congress at Newport News, and six miles east, off Fortress Monroe, the forty gun frigates Minnesota and Roanoke and the fifty gun frigate St. Lawrence. These were all wooden ships, and only the day before, in anticipation of a raid by the much belauded Merrimac, had been ordered to make all haste into the Potomac river for safety.

Hampton Roads is a waterway between the lower end of the Chesapeake bay and the mouth of the James river. The Confederates occupied the southern shore with batteries, and the northern shore was lined with forts and camps of the Federal army. The order for the Federal vessels anchored north of the channel within range of friendly guns to seek safety in flight had not taken effect when the ram hove in sight about noon the 8th of March. On board the Congress and Cumberland the sailors' freshly washed clothing was drying in the rigging, and their boats were swinging from their booms.

Heralded by a pillar of black smoke rising out of the mouth of Elizabeth river, a strange craft steamed from under the Confederate batteries and headed for Newport News in the direction of the Congress and Cumberland and the Federal shore batteries. These ships and batteries, aggregating 100 guns, opened on the stranger at three-fourths of a mile.

The broadsides of the thirty-two

Cause For Grievance.

"When you refused me, you promised always to be my friend, and now you are as cold as an iceberg."

"But I didn't think you were going to stop proposing."—Life.

Borus.—"Give me a rhyme for 'evil.' I am writing a poem."

Naggas.—"Try 'drivel.'"

## A Fortieth Anniversary War Story SMASHING THE WOODEN FLEET

(Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.)

At the end of fifteen minutes' firing the Merrimac headed for the Cumberland, striking her ponderous bow up on the wooden bow. The sloop immediately began to sink and carried the ram down with her until the iron beak which coupled the antagonists broke off. As the ram backed away she stood motionless for some time under the broadsides of the Cumberland, and the heroic sailors of the sloop, although they knew their ship was doomed, poured shots upon the Merrimac at close quarters till she fairly reeled under the blows on her plating.

Not a shot broke through the armor of the ram. The Cumberland continued sinking, and the commander of the ram halted to know if she would surrender. "Never!" cried her captain, the gallant Morris. "We'll sink alongside." As the water rose the crew climbed higher and continued working the guns until at last their muzzles were in the water. The man who fired the last shot as a deathknell was mortally wounded in the act and one of eighty killed in that short fight. The flag was flying from the staff as the old ship rested on the bottom, with her rigging above the tide.

After finishing the Cumberland the Merrimac turned to the frigate Congress, which could only be reached by taking a tortuous channel that brought the ram under the guns of the Federal batteries on shore. If the batteries had had a few more heavy guns or more solid shot for the ones in position that day, there would have been no Monitor and Merrimac fight on March 9. At one time the ram's keel jammed in the mud while she was making a long turn 800 yards from the batteries. Well aimed shells tore away her davits, knocked the muzzle off one of the guns and stove two firing ports into the ram. The ram's commander, Admiral Buchanan, was struck by one of the shots, and a sailor who crawled out on

deck to replace a flag shot away was instantly knocked into the sea. While the Merrimac was fast under the guns on shore the Congress slipped her cable and moved into shoal water close under the friendly batteries. The Merrimac finally got free and steamed up close enough to land some shots in her. The sailors immediately ran out white flags, but the colors still floated at the mast.

A Confederate tug steamed up toward the Congress, but General Mansfield, the Federal commander on shore, ordered his riflemen to fire upon her for fear the guns of the Congress would be turned upon his batteries. The tug was driven off by this fire, and the heavy guns continued pounding the ram. At this Admiral Buchanan, believing that some of the missiles flying over the ram came from the Congress, ordered the helpless frigate to be riddled with incendiary shells. She was soon ablaze, and the survivors of the crew saved themselves by jumping into the water. Two southern officers lost their lives while working to rescue the wounded sailors of the burning ship.

One man killed and twenty wounded were the battle casualties on the ram. Two guns had lost their muzzles, the smokestack was gone, likewise one anchor; but the monster was a monster still. Eight guns and their crews were in fighting trim, and at dark she went back to her moorings to prepare for a final fight with the rest of Uncle Sam's wooden fleet next day.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

His Cigar Lighter.

Wigg. I saw Skinnum light a cigar with a twenty dollar bill.

Wagg. I'll bet it wasn't accepted.—Philadelphia Record.

"Lucinda, will you take me for better or for worse?"

"I'll do take you, Sam, but I dunno for which."—Brooklyn Life.

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## BATTLE WITH THE MONITOR

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**A**CCIDENT, chance or what not was the instigator and arbiter first and last in the wonderful battle between the little Monitor and the huge Merrimack in Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862. The encounter and its results turned the naval world upside down and decided who would rule the wave on the American coast, with many things besides.

Stories of the marvelous powers of the Confederate ironclad ran had terrified the north and built up the hopes of the south. She entered Hampton Roads on March 8, sank the thirty gun wooden sloop of war Cumberland, burned the fifty gun frigate Congress to the water's edge and then lay by for favorable tides to enable her to visit similar destruction upon three more wooden frigates, the Housatonic, St. Lawrence and Minnesota, anchored at hand and already smoldering under the fire of her chance shots during the first day's battle.

While the flames ignited by the incendiary shells from the Merrimack were devouring the noble frigates Congress the evening of March 8 the Monitor steamed up to Fortress Monroe, six miles from the scene of battle. Her presence there was due to an accident, and but for another accident she would not have been in existence. Her protector, Ericsson, had shamed the Federal naval board into ordering the construction of an ironclad upon the plan he had submitted. Ericsson had gone from New York to Washington in the fall of 1861 under the belief that his plan for an ironclad ship had been approved by the naval board. It was false, but the deception and disappointment caused the earnest hearted Sweden to burst forth in angry eloquence. "Gentlemen," said he, "after what I have said I consider it your duty to the country to give me an order to build the vessel before I leave this room." The upshot of the little deception, which passed for diplomacy, was an order to build the Monitor within 100 days.

Ericsson's working models were completed, and the machinists toiled night and day from December to March. Finally all was ready for a trial trip, and, with volunteer officers and crew—for it was a life and death venture from the start to sail in her—the Monitor left New York at midday March 6. Her commander, Lieutenant John L. Worden of the navy, was told to proceed to Fortress Monroe for the protection of the Chesapeake bay and the Potomac river from the raids of the dreaded ironclad ram Merrimack. After the Monitor had left New York a dispatch reached there from Washington ordering Worden to sail up the Potomac to Washington, not touching at Fortress Monroe. A tug gave chase to deliver the message, but failed to overtake the Monitor, and she passed the mouth of the Potomac, bringing up at Fortress Monroe the evening of March 8, the last few miles of the sail enlivened by the sound of the guns in the fight between the Merrimack and the wooden fleet near Newport News.

Meanwhile the undelivered New York dispatch had been forwarded to the naval commandant off Fortress Monroe. With that dispatch before him, he also heard reports from the front, where the sunken sloop Cumberland lay, awaying in the tide, the flames of the burning Congress lit the sky for miles, and the Housatonic, Minnesota and St. Lawrence were patching the rents made in their wooden hulls by the shells of the Merrimack, which was only waiting for daylight to sail forth from her mooring and finish the fleet at one blow.

The orders were imperative to send the Monitor to Washington to defend the capital, and from the way the Merrimack had smashed things on her first attempt it looked like a hopeless case for the little black thing which resembled in comparison with the warships of the day a "tin can on a board" to go out against the monster ram. In the trip down from New York the Monitor people had discovered the weak points of their novel craft. The waves had flooded her hold, deluged her furnace room and coal bunkers, checked the fires and almost suffocated her crew with gas. She carried but two guns. Her ports could only be closed by cessation of firing. One shell in the gun chamber, the turret, would disable her fighting power, and her shots must be delivered at random or "on the fly" when the revolving turret brought the enemy opposite the gun port for an instant. Besides, the cannon were a new invention, and the powder charge was limited to fifteen pounds for a one hundred and eighty pound shot. On the other hand, the Merrimack had made a record and proved invulnerable.

But in spite of all the naval chief, who held the deciding card, concluded to cut red tape and send the floating experiment to the relief of the wooden ships down the channel. Already the Merrimack was closing in upon the Minnesota, which was helplessly aground. The pilot of the ram had promised to lay her within half a mile of the Minnesota, and the commander and crew were discounting their victory, which seemed a foregone result, when the little newcomer from the workshops of the Hudson bobbed into the arena and began pouring shots at the giant from a six hundred yard range. The Roads was filled with spectators, for out of the thousands of soldiers and sailors marshaled there under the stars and stripes only the little band in the turret of the Monitor could mix in the strange fight. The Confederate sailors looked for an easy victory over what seemed to be a new kind of tug with a gun or two aboard. But their heavy shots rattled off the solid plate of Ericsson's wonder without leaving a dent. Then, too, that revolving turret, which belched forth smoke and iron, baffled the gunners in gray who attempted to make port shots at the range of a ship's length. And the little ship was as nimble as a tug in dodging the Merrimack's guns. She could go anywhere and get back again while the Merrimack was training a gun on her. Even with her ridiculously weak charges the Monitor's shots started the bolts on the ram, and if she had used double charges the Merrimack would have met the fate she had visited so savagely upon the Cumberland and Congress the day before.

During the first fight, which lasted about three hours, Captain Worden and the pilot stayed in the pilot-house, a little structure of iron logs at one end of the low deck. Owing to a break of the speaking tubes communication between Worden and the men in the firing turret was cut early in the action, and messages were passed on the lips of women stationed at intervals. Finally the shots in the turret gave out, and the Monitor hauled off to replenish the supply.

Meanwhile the Merrimack turned again to the Minnesota and was struck with a broadside of twenty guns that would have torn a wooden ship to shreds. She answered with a shell that set the Minnesota on fire and, burning, found the Monitor again closing in. The first shot of the Merrimack in this second attack struck the upper

A Fortieth Anniversary

War Story

FIRST FIGHT OF IRONCLADS

March 9, 1862

log of the pilot-house, where Worden was looking out, and blinded him with powder. Supposing that the pilot-house was destroyed and the steering gear along with it, Worden ordered his subordinate, Lieutenant Greene, who was in the turret, to "sheer off" and look to the damaged works. Greene decided to go on with the fight alone, for Worden was stunned by the concussion of the shock as well as blinded. But the Merrimack had sailed away without waiting to finish her enemies. Even the Minnesota was saved by putting out the fires. So the net result of the second foray of the ram was that she went back to her moorings with a few extra wounded men in her crew and the reputation of running from the smallest fighting ship afloat.

During the fight both the Merrimack and the Monitor tried ramming. The Monitor lightly dodged her antagonist and in turn just missed striking the Merrimack with her sharp end by a hair. Officers and men of both ships declared that the contest was not fought out. Those aboard the ram said that when the Monitor backed off, which was to replenish her ammunition and change commanders, they believed her out of the fight. Why they didn't go ahead and smash the retreating frigates close at hand, as they had done before, they never clearly explained. Admiral Buchanan, the commander of the Merrimack in the first day's fight, had been put ashore on account of a wound.

Worden and his crew were made the heroes of the hour. In the first fight between ironclads they held the field of battle and saw their foe beat a quiet retreat. Even admitting that it was a drawn battle, the future of naval science was decided in that short fight between experimental craft. The advantages of the pygmy Monitor lay in her revolving gun turret, with its impervious shield, her rapid movements and her low invulnerable deck. Her weaknesses were that the turret was not under complete control and her guns were not fully effective. All her shots were sent at random, never twice in the same place. She sank at sea off Hatteras in December, 1862, and the forlorn fight on March 9, which gave birth to the new American navy, was her first and her last. The Merrimack was repaired for service in James River and on May 11 was blown up to prevent capture.

THE MONITOR'S OPENING SHOT AT THE MERRIMACK.

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GEORGE L. KILMER.

His Cross.  
Wife—I've done nothing but practice economy ever since we were married! Husband—And I've had to pay for it!

Mr. Cropper (after the fox hunt). Were you in at the death?

Miss Annie Seed. Well, rather; my poor old grandfather left me a quarter of a million.—Philadelphia Press.

Rollins, Tompkins and his wife think they were made for one another. Wilker. In that case I suppose it was all right for them to marry.—Boston Transcript.

THE SPUR OF FATE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

rell, without answering the question. "Is it less interesting than usual?" "We say goodbye to Paris at sunrise," the young man replied. "Isn't that beauty? We have just time to get to our lodgings and flush packing. You are an American, aren't you?" "Yes," replied Darrell. "I'm an American, as you are, and I'm in a bit of a fix also, as you are. You want a cab, and I want to go into the ball with my friend, but we can't do it without costumes. If we don't get any, I shall be obliged to go in alone, and she will wait in the cab; so you can't have it. If, on the other hand, you will sell me your frock—are you dressed completely under it?"

"Oh, yes, I'm dressed all right."

"And as to the domino? Could it be spared?"

"How funny!" exclaimed the young woman, with a laugh. "But everything happens to Paris. Certainly your friend can have the domino. Somebody spilled a glass of beer on the back of it"—and she turned to reveal the stain—"But if your friend doesn't mind that?"

"The stain is no advantage," replied Darrell. "What says the monk?"

"My frock for the cab!" cried the fair. "It is yours."

Darrell protested that he must pay the worth of the dresses—indeed much more—and he succeeded in forcing the young man to accept a sum that was probably an agreeable addition to his exchequer. Then the two women got into the cab, and it was Vera in mask and domino who got out. Meanwhile Darrell in the shadow of the vehicle had slipped the monk's frock over his head.

"I have made her a present of my cloak," whispered Vera. "She fancies that I am a millionaire upon a trifling escapade. She will change her opinion about my wealth when she views the cloak by daylight. It has seen hard service."

"I might give the gentleman my opera hat," replied Darrell, "or your handkerchiefs. But the latter I value too highly as a souvenir, and the former, closed, lies easily in the bosom of my gown. And now for cabby."

He beckoned to the driver, who climbed down from the box.

"Fifty francs for you," said Darrell, "and as much more tomorrow evening if you are discreet. Do you understand? You will forget everything. Call there at 6 tomorrow."

He gave the man his card, upon which was written the address of a club.

"Why do you bribe him?" asked Vera.

"If any successful attempt is made to trace you," replied Darrell, "this man will be found, and if that happens I want to know of it. Meanwhile these costumes are great luck."

The unlocked monk leant from the cab window and gave directions to the coachman. Vera and Darrell, turning away, waved their hands in farewell.

The portal of the Moulin Rouge was beset by such a throng that Darrell and his companion passed through unnoticed. But a moment later, as they worked their way out of the press, a couple dressed as sailors, the woman's costume being like the man's in the minutest detail, nestled them with merry badinage.

"We knew you weren't going away," said the woman. "You were afraid of drinking too much wine."

"Mistaken identity," laughed Darrell in Vera's ear. "I hope our friends were well behaved, for their reputation has passed to us. Now to find the Gordons. What a lark! And I told Gordon this afternoon that I would never have any more fun!"

A wild outburst of applause suddenly arose upon their right, and the crowd eddied and swirled as all sought places of advantage from which to look down upon the dancing floor. Darrell felt Vera's hand on his arm; she seemed to be drawing him forward.

"Do you care to see it?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said she, "since we are here. What are they doing? I know nothing of these grand entertainments. I was too young to see much of such fetes as we had in Stavropol. There is a place from which we can see."

And with the words she stepped nimbly ahead of him, securing a remarkably good position.

"It is the process now," said he, standing close behind her. "I did not expect to see it at this hour. It represents the entry of a Roman conqueror into a captured city of Assyria."

"Is it like a scene in a theater?" she cried. "See the painted palaces! How beautiful, and with such an air of antiquity! There is the conqueror in his chariot. There are the warriors and the captives. It is magnificent!"

She turned and looked up at Darrell, and he noted how her eyes were shining through the mask.

There had been music. It ceased and then burst forth again in delicious melody, which was instantly caught up by the throng upon the floor. The procession had passed around the circle, winding among the painted palaces, in whose windows could be seen men and women in the ancient Assyrian costume, copied with great exactitude from the monuments of that vanished era. Dancers were crowding upon the floor. Quadrilles turned as if by magic. One caught glimpses of famous men in the world of art, and among them, dominating the scene, were the beautiful women of that world, the famous models, garbed in costumes the most magnificent or the most simple, some shod in gold leather, others in foot, some shining with jewels, others garlanded with cheap posies daintily put on.

And they all sang till the voices drowned the great orchestra and the roof rang with the song.

"What is it?" asked Vera. "I have heard it in the street."

"It is 'L'Heure Charmante,' the latest craze of the Quarter," replied Darrell. "You know it, then?" for she had begun to sing. "Then why not? It is in the air!"

He added his own strong and clear voice to hers, and they sang together lustily.

Suddenly the people on their left veered toward the dancing floor. Vera

turned quickly, her eyes burning. He nodded, and their hands were clasped together. Another moment and these two, so strangely met, were dancing among the revelers—this woman with the scars of fetters on her wrists, this man who was alive because a bullet fired half a hour before and meant for him had gone astray. It was in harmony with the night's adventure that they should dance and sing together in this mad throng that whirled them hither and thither, homeless as fate.

The music stopped with an abrupt crash of the instruments and a break of the voices from song to shouting, then to silence. All looked toward the highest gallery, where appeared Lucia, acclaimed the favorite model and now proudly perched upon a pedestal. She was small of stature, and her beauty was not of the type that "earries" to a great distance. Her costume, however, was wonderfully effective. She wore a gown of pale green, brocaded with irises, and she held in her hands a yellow veil so variable in quality under the lights that it seemed to waver round her body like a tongue of flame. A famous artist made a quick sketch of her as she stood there, and then the oldest of the students, a giant, dressed like a gladiator, gave her his hand, and as she stepped down from the pedestal he kissed her on the forehead, as if to typify the reverence for beauty in the hearts of all that vast assembly of his worshippers. Applause rewarded him, and then the band struck up once more "L'Heure Charmante." A thousand voices seized upon the strain, the dancers whirled away into new measures, and upon the instant Darrell said in his companion's ear:

"There are the Gordons."

He had described his friends at the edge of the lower gallery.

"We must hurry," he added, "or they will escape us." Then suddenly, "Upon my word, I am glad that we danced!"

"I, too," she replied, "it is something for me to have known this life if only for a moment. But I am ashamed to go to your friends. It is like asking a favor. I am too proud."

"We ask nothing," returned Darrell, "not even advice. We merely tell our amusing little story for their greater joy in the midst of this merry-making. It is a favor that we confer upon them. Hasten!"

It proved to be easy to overtake the Gordons, for they returned immediately to a table and an undisturbed bottle of wine. The friar of orders gray was a stranger in their eyes as he approached them and bowed gravely, as became his character.

"Pax vobiscum," said he.

"And with you also, father," replied Gordon. "May I be permitted to inquire—Jack Darrell? Well, upon my soul!"

"And Edith?" cried Mrs. Gordon, for as much as could be seen of Vera in mask and domino was not without a suggestion of Miss Lockmer.

"You are in error," whispered Darrell, stooping beside her chair. "This lady is Vera Shevloff, a princess by right; an exile through injustice. I took her from the agents of the czar this evening, and one of them, Robert," he added, looking across at Gordon, "was our friend, the pirate, Landislov."

Gordon rose hastily and bowed, while his wife extended her hand to Vera, for there was a gleam in Darrell's eyes which meant, "If you are my friend, receive her well."

"And you are the man who forsook adventure?" said Gordon aside. "Well, I am not surprised."

"It is this that is the test," replied Darrell; "my presence here. No man can expect to dictate absolutely in the matter of general peace and quietness. The thing is too difficult, for the house may take fire over his head while he lies asleep with his hands folded upon his breast. But in regard to special acts, most of us still retain the delusion of choice. Therefore, in order to set me definitely right in the matter, fate has brought me to this spot. Otherwise I might have fancied that I was free to decide whether I would or would not attend a ball. Let me dismiss the notion. I am thistledown in the wind of destiny."

"I will give you my opinion of that," replied Gordon, "when I have seen the princess without her mask."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Gentle Hint.

"Yes, I proposed to her by letter."

"And what was her reply?"

"She simply referred me to a certain chapter and page in 'The Life of Lord Nelson.'"

"And what did you find?"

"It says, 'After fruitlessly applying for command of the ship by letter, he went in person to see about it, and then he secured it.'"—London Telegraph.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of

J. C. Watson

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**Father and Son Drowned**  
Boston, March 3.—Henry Biddell and his son left in an old flat-bottomed boat on Saturday to collect driftwood in Dorchester bay. They did not return and yesterday the overturned boat and the father's body were found.



PRINCE'S JOURNEY

Meets Cordial Reception at Various Cities

VISITS A BATTLEFIELD

And Hears Melodies of Negroes—Grand Ball in His Honor at Chicago—Receives Degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University

Indianapolis, March 2.—Prince Henry went up Lookout Mountain yesterday and after viewing the ground where the Union and Confederate armies met in conflict and hearing afresh the story of the battle, resumed his journey to the north and west. Leaving Chattanooga his train ran through a corner of Alabama and then turning to the north hurried across Tennessee, with a short stop at Nashville, through Kentucky, with brief stays at Louisville and Bowling Green. His reception in the south was hospitable and demonstrative. The negroes manifested great enthusiasm as to the prince and they interested and amused him. He had an opportunity to hear them sing in Nashville and was greatly pleased at the experience.

Chicago, March 4.—A glare of red fire which could be seen for miles, the blaze of hundreds of torches, the sparkle of myriads of electric lights, and the cheers of thousands of people made up the first taste of Chicago's hospitality towards Prince Henry upon his arrival in this city last evening.

A feature of the procession from the depot to the Auditorium hotel was the great number of German veterans who lined the streets provided with torches and who went fairly wild in their efforts to show their devotion to the prince.

The chief event of the stay of the prince in Chicago was the grand ball held in the Auditorium. It was perhaps the most magnificent social event ever witnessed in this city. The decorations went beyond anything ever before attempted in the Auditorium. In the general scheme the German and American colors were freely mingled and formed the basis of the principal designs.

Milwaukee, March 5.—Milwaukee was host to Prince Henry for six hours last evening. It gave him a reception that was highly enthusiastic and entertaining that was unique. His special train arrived at 4 o'clock and at 10 o'clock it was away again on the long run to Niagara and New England. The intervening time was all given over to the pleasure of the royal visitor.

It began with a drive through business and residential districts before a crowd which numbered 200,000. Then there was a public reception at which Governor La Follette and Mayor Rousevolet the official welcome, and the United Slaving societies sang in chorus. There was also a splendid illumination and a light run by the Milwaukee fire department. Later there was a banquet at which the prince and the leading citizens of the city and the state.

The thousands of German residents in Milwaukee joined heartily in the welcome of the prince and veterans of the German wars gathered from throughout the state to assist in the reception.

Rochester, March 6.—Prince Henry traveled from Chicago to Niagara Falls yesterday, crossed the Canadian frontier for a brief stay, to which he was officially welcomed by the Dominion, and last night resumed his journey to Boston over the New York Central line. His longest stop in almost 20 hours of continuous travelling was at Niagara Falls, which he saw bridged in with the ice of winter. He viewed the Horseshoe falls from Table Rock the American falls from the ledge over the whirlpool on the Canadian shore, rode down the gorge to a point below the lower whirlpool, and then inspected the plant of the Niagara Power company, which converts the force of nature to the purposes of commerce. He was much impressed by the falls and the swirling rapids down in the gorge.

Prussia was the guest of Boston yesterday and his welcome to the city was stately and cordial. Governor Crane and Mayor Collins, acting for state and city, extended the official courtesies, and when the prince had ceremoniously returned their calls, he went to Cambridge to deliver to the Germanic museum the gifts of his brother, the emperor, and to receive from Harvard the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Harvard's honor to the prince made a precedent, for never before was a degree conferred under like circumstances. A significant passage in the speech of President Eliot, who conferred the degree, was a reference to the prince as the grandson of Queen Victoria.

Prince Henry's first act as a Harvard man, at the Harvard union shortly after he received the degree, was to propose and lead three cheers for President Roosevelt, who is a Harvard alumnus. The prince received a cablegram from his brother, the emperor, offering congratulation on the new honor bestowed.

Last night the prince was given a dinner by the city of Boston and sat at a table with more than 200 of the representative citizens of the commonwealth. He resumed his way early this morning and today will visit Albany and the United States military academy at West Point, en route to New York, which he reaches this evening.

Encouragement For Strikers

Quincy, Mass., March 7.—The Central Labor union of this city last night endorsed the action of the striking quarrymen in their demand for an eight-hour day at nine hours' pay and promised the quarrymen their moral and financial support in the event of their struggle being prolonged. The granite industry is being daily crippled.

SLAVERY EXISTS

On the Southern Islands of the Philippines

ADVANTAGES OF LIBERTY

Not Understood by Them, and They Would Probably Turn Guns Against Us If Attempts Were Made to Free Them—Whipping Is Not Unknown

Washington, March 5.—The extent of slavery in the Philippines was discussed by Governor Taft before the house insular committee yesterday in response to questions by members. He said slavery was confined to the southern Moro islands. The investigation made by Governor Taft and his associates had brought out that the slaves included men, women and children who were slaves for debt, according to the statements made by the natives. The slaves could buy their liberty, but until this was done the condition ran from generation to generation. The slaves were members of the family and the relation was comparatively mild. If it was possible to consider any form of slavery as mild.

Governor Taft said Data Mundil had already abolished slavery by decree. How effective this was could not be stated. "It indicates," said Governor Taft, "how willing they are to consider our desires and the possibilities of eradicating the system."

The civil authorities had never recognized slavery in any way, he said, and the military had always released slaves. But the slaves did not understand the advantage of liberty, and Governor Taft said that if we attempted to end slavery by force, we would probably find the slaves turning their guns against us. The influence of the United States was, however, growing stronger and stronger for the eradication of slavery. Although our wishes had been made known, neither the civil or military authorities had said slavery must cease or war would be made.

Representative Patterson asked the number of slaves. Governor Taft replied that he and his assistants had sought to learn the number, with the idea that the nation might buy them and avert an exercise of force, but when the natives learned this they all represented themselves to be slaves. The governor estimated that about one-fourth of the southern population are slaves, or from 250,000 to 300,000, in a population of 1,000,000 to 1,500,000.

When asked how many soldiers there were, Governor Taft answered that soldiers and datus were as numerous as barons in Germany or justices of the peace in the United States.

In reply to a question by Mr. Patterson, Governor Taft said that the slaves were punished by their masters and whipping was not unknown to them, although there was little severity. The slaves were subject to sale, but he did not know of any separation of mothers from their children.

Moody For Naval Secretary

Washington, March 5.—Prominent in the list of possible successors to Secretary Long when he shall have retired from the cabinet is the name of William H. Moody, a Republican representative from Massachusetts and a connection of Senator Lodge by marriage. It is said Mr. Moody is 49 years old, a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer by profession and has served three consecutive terms in congress.

Unique Political Campaign

Louisville, March 6.—Miss Lola Greenup of Paducah has taken to the stump with her father in his campaign for the Democratic nomination for member of congress from this district. Miss Lola is an accomplished musician. During her father's tour of the district she plays the violin and sings before the audiences which he addresses. The double bill is drawing big

Advance In Insurance Rates

Boston, March 3.—An advance of 25 percent and upward in fire insurance rates on a large class of risks has been agreed upon by the New England Insurance Exchange. The advance is to go into effect immediately and continue until certain risks can be specially rated under proper revised and approved schedules.

An Old-Fashioned Storm

Boston, March 6.—The first real old-fashioned snowstorm this season began at noon yesterday and continued through the night. The wind blew fiercely from the northeast, but the temperature was scarcely below freezing. Late in the day the heavy snow began to impede traffic somewhat, but there have been other storms this winter which gave the electric and steam railroads more trouble. The storm apparently is general over southern New England.

Lively Times at Norfolk

Norfolk, March 5.—A mob of 5000 strike sympathizers thronged the streets here yesterday on which runs the main line of the Norfolk Railway and Light company and from noon until after dark the mob had things its own way. Cars were repeatedly derailed, wagon loads of stones were piled on the tracks and free fights occurred at frequent intervals. Several soldiers were hit by bricks and other missiles. The police force of 100 is unable to meet the emergency. No settlement of the strike is in sight.

Special Jury Session Necessary

Cambridge, Mass., March 4.—District Attorney Sanderson is taking steps to have J. W. Blodfin, the suspected wife murderer, immediately indicted in Middlesex county because of the fact that Mrs. Blodfin's body was found in Middlesex county. It will be necessary to call a special session of the Middlesex jury in order to procure the indictment, as the next regular term does not begin until next summer.

WITHOUT A TRIAL

Natives of Samar Executed In Brutal Manner

DOINGS OF WALLER AND DAY

Will Be Looked Into by Court—Martial Opinion That the Two Men's Misdeeds Have Become Impaired Through Excessive Privations

Manila, March 7.—A court-martial has been ordered to try Major Waller and Lieutenant Day of the marine corps, on March 17 next, on the charge of executing natives of the island of Samar without trial. Some of the circumstances in the cases are particularly atrocious. One native was tied to a tree and publicly shot in the thigh. The next day the man was shot in the arm. The third day he was shot in the body, and the fourth day the native was killed. Friends of the two officers attribute their actions to loss of mind, due to privations which they have suffered in the island of Samar.

The privations suffered by Major Waller and Lieutenant Day, referred to in the dispatch from Manila, were probably endured during the expedition of Major Waller and a detachment of marines, who started during the last week of December, 1901, from Zamboanga on the coast of Samar, to cross the island to B. Ser. ab at 25 miles. Incessant rains from the start, swollen streams and other natural obstacles made the march progress extremely slow, and when their rations were consumed the men became exhausted rapidly and dropped along the way. Major Waller became separated from his brother officers, Captain Porter and Lieutenant Williams, and the greater part of the men and proceeded toward Basey, where he arrived on Jan. 3 with two officers and 13 men and also Lieutenant Lyles of the Twelfth Infantry, who accompanied the command. The major returned to the mountains the next day for relief, but turned back to Basey about 10 days later, his trip having been unsuccessful.

Captain Porter was to have built rafts, but the timber would not float. The second day after separating from Waller, Captain Porter moved toward Luang, where he arrived Jan. 11 with two men, all exhausted physically and mentally. Lieutenant Williams and over 20 men were left in the mountains in a similar condition. A relief expedition reached the marines Jan. 18 and saved Lieutenant Williams and all his companions, with the exception of 10 men, who were not found and who undoubtedly died from starvation. Captain Porter, Lieutenant Williams and 18 men were taken to the hospital at Tacloban, none of them clear in mind regarding much of the time covered by the period of suffering. Major Waller was disordered in his recollections. The official report of the war department at Washington said the sufferings of Major Waller's command for 20 days could not be described.

FISHERMEN ASTRAY

Seven Who Were Out In Dories During Snowstorm Are Missing

Boston, March 7.—Fishing schooner Louis and Rosie arrived yesterday with her bag at halfmast for four men who became lost from the vessel in their dories on Middle Bank in a snowstorm. Three of the men, it was learned later, were picked up by another vessel and landed at Gloucester, but the fourth man has not yet been heard from. His broken dory has been washed ashore at Scituate. Schooner Mary Cabral brought four of the crew of fishing schooner Ahmeda, who became separated from their vessel on Middle Bank during Wednesday's snowstorm. Six others of the crew were out in dories at the time and their fate is unknown.

Bark and Cargo at Auction

Rockland, Me., March 7.—The Italian barge Adele and cargo, taken possession of by creditors after being towed here following a mishap, was sold at public auction yesterday by United States Marshal Saunders. J. P. McKay & Co., the Portland wrecking firm, bid the highest for both vessel and cargo, paying \$750 for the former and \$120 for the latter. When the Adele loaded the cargo the lumber was valued at \$7000.

Didn't Reach Agreement

Boston, March 7.—Twenty-five persons were present yesterday at a conference here between the directors of the New England milk producers and contractors, which was held to reach, if possible, an agreement on the price of milk for the next six months. The subject was thoroughly discussed, but no agreement was reached, and the meeting adjourned until March 17.

Doors Closed by Sheriff

Derby, Conn., March 7.—The Briggs Seabury Gun and Ammunition company had its plant closed up by the sheriff last night and 100 men are thrown out of work. Ladin & Brand, powder manufacturers, attached the plant for \$30,000 to satisfy a claim of \$22,000. The company has not settled the account and the action yesterday resulted.

An Uncommon Sight

Calais, Me., March 7.—What appeared to the inhabitants of this place to be a comet, but which was probably a slight nebular formation, passed within vision through the heavens at 7 o'clock last evening. Great interest throughout this section was caused by the sight of the luminous body, which was visible to the naked eye as long as 35 minutes.

Wants to Return to Congress

Boston, March 7.—A special to The Journal from Washington says: Congressman Greene announces that he will be a candidate for re-election to congress, in spite of the declared candidacy of David P. Slade of Fall River.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

As receiver for the Bradford, Vt., Savings Bank and Trust company, James B. Halo has declared a fourth dividend to depositors of 10 percent, which will be payable on April 10. This will bring the amount received by the depositors thus far up to 60 percent.

A site has been selected for the new building at Brown university donated by J. D. Rockefeller for the use of the religious societies of the institution. The main building of the Wakefield, Mass., town farm was damaged to the extent of \$5000 by a fire that was caused by a defective chimney.

By the will of the late Mrs. George N. Hubbard of Manchester, N. H., the public library of New Ipswich, N. H., is left \$3000 and the Congregational church \$500.

The Connecticut state board of charities voted to take from the Myrtle classical institute the children placed there from county homes. This action was a result of a report regarding the school's sanitary condition.

Governor McLean of Connecticut has issued a proclamation setting apart March 28 as a day of prayer and fasting.

Swampscott, Mass., has voted to accept the net of the legislature authorizing towns to adopt a system of sewerage. The system will consist of nine miles of pipe, to cost \$124,000.

Firemen of Attleboro, Mass., checked a bad fire in a dangerous locality. It started in the cellar of the Boston branch grocery and the flames were playing about an oil tank containing 300 gallons of kerosene when the firemen arrived. Loss about \$3500.

The Lynn, Mass., board of aldermen voted to purchase High Rock, the home of the famous Hutchinson family, for \$12,000, and to use the place for park purposes.

Harry LeMayne of Brookline, Mass., made a new world's swimming record at the Sportsman's show, Boston. He swam 2-5 seconds off the world's record, and covered the 60 yards in 35 1-5 seconds. The American record he broke by 4-5 seconds.

The third annual debate between Phillips-Exeter and Harvard freshmen was won by Exeter, which maintained the negative side of the question: "It is proved, that the United States should adopt a system of shipping subsidies."

The old United States coast survey steamer A. D. Bache has been towed to Newport, R. I., and left at the training station. The old ship is past ordinary usefulness and it is believed that she will be used as a target for the North Atlantic squadron.

The body of Mrs. Eva N. Thorndike, who apparently killed herself at North Weymouth, Mass., has been identified by Christian P. King of Hanover, N. H., as that of his sister, whom he had not seen for 12 years. He will claim the body.

The first written agreement between the representatives of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Boston and Maine railroad has been signed. It covers matters pertaining to hours of labor, rate of pay and general conditions of employment.

Robert Emmet's glory was glorified and the cause of Ireland received a new impetus at Boston on the occasion of the observance of Emmet's birthday by the Boston branch of the United Irish league. A great audience applauded addresses made by William H. K. Redmond and Joseph Devlin, both Irish members of parliament.

Daniel H. Noonan, a laborer, aged 40, was run over by a locomotive at Bangor, Me., and killed. His body was badly mangled. He was deaf and that is the supposed cause of the accident.

The Wilton, N. H., Savings bank will begin to pay a 10 percent dividend March 1. This will make a total of 80 percent paid by the assignee of the institution.

The menses have gained a rather unusual prevalence throughout Massachusetts; the victims number between 100 and 500 every week.

THE MAINE CLAIMS

Over \$2,000,000 Thrown Out by the Spanish Treaty Commission

Washington, March 7.—The Spanish treaty claims commission yesterday handed down a decision against the claimants for deaths and injuries received by officers and seamen in the wreck of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor.

Of the upwards of \$58,000,000 worth of claims filed with the Spanish treaty commission the present decision throws out claims amounting to a little in excess of \$2,000,000. Had the decision been favorable to the claimants the aggregate might have been increased to \$5,000,000. The finding is of more than proportionate interest, however, not only because of the great national disaster which these claims recall, but because of the fact that in resisting these claims the United States seemed to be put in the peculiar position of assenting that Spain was not responsible for the destruction of the Maine. Under the treaty of Paris each party to the Spanish-American war assumed responsibility for the claims of its citizens. Among these presented were claims aggregating \$1,500,000 for deaths, \$135,000 for injuries and \$20,000 for injuries and deaths caused by the Maine disaster. The case now is allowed, but the commission casts the question of Spanish responsibility for the disaster by founding its decision upon the fact that the injuries were sustained in the line of duty while in the national service, and that redress is to be sought from the United States government in its proper person instead of from it as representative of Spain.

Rutland's First Democratic Mayor Rutland, Vt., March 5.—David W. Temple, Democrat, was chosen mayor yesterday by a margin of 19 votes over Mayor Hollister. The remarkable incident is that Rutland never before chose a Democrat mayor.

Mayor Melcher, running on the Citizens' ticket, defeated John Anderson, the Socialist nominee, at Barre, by a vote of 796 to 246.

James M. Boutwell, the Citizens' candidate, was elected mayor of Montpelier.

At Burlington the Republicans re-elected Mayor Hawley, who received a majority of 422 votes over the Democratic candidate.

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Free With Every Package of

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We give you a Package of

VITOS (Wheat Food.)

We have just received a fresh lot of goods from the Purina Mills.

RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD.

RALSTON HOMINY GRITS.

PURINA PAN-CAKE FLOUR.

S. S. THOMPSON,

Postal Station No. 1. 172 TO 178 BROADWAY.

ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE.

We shall not attempt to advertise a "Hurrah Sale" of these goods—as that style of doing business is entirely out of our line.

Every few days something is marked down simply because things don't come out even.

Our entire stock of broken lines in all departments reduced in like proportion, irrespective of regular selling price.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH AT THIS SALE.

Newport One Price

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208 THAMES STREET. 208

GREAT CLEARING SALE OF MILLINERY

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SCHREIER'S,

113 THAMES STREET.

BEGINNING THIS DAY

WE WILL SELL OUR WINTER GOODS AT A

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All our Trimmed

HATS and TOQUES

At an IMMENSE REDUCTION.

BARGAINS in Every Line of Millinery Trimmings

BE SURE AND ATTEND

Bargain Sale at Schreier's.

143 Thames Street.

EXAMINE OUR

CAPE ANN

—AND—

Black Grain Boots!

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HANDSOME LARGE HALL, well furnished for lodge purposes with either two or three ante-rooms as may be desired.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given on April 1st. Enquire at the

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Colorado Pens.

Sample dozen 10c. by Mail.

Send for gross price.

CHARLES S. SHERMAN, Gen. Agent, 1231-2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Sub-agents wanted.





## BOOK NOTES.

MARY JOHNSON'S "AUDREY"—For those who have not read Audrey as it appeared serially in the Atlantic Monthly a reprint in book form is now making the acquaintance of this unusual kind of the volume just published. The story in book form also has an advantage over the serial in that it is advantageously illustrated by F. C. Yohn, whose charming pictures do much to enhance the beauty of the text.

Mary Johnson's fame as a novelist was created and sustained by her second work, To Have and To Hold. It is natural that the reader should compare the present story with the earlier, and yet the comparison is not easy. Both deal with life in Virginia, but at different periods in the history of the colony, as Audrey lived in the early part of the eighteenth century. The many thrilling—and perhaps improbable—situations in To Have and To Hold are supplanted in the later work by a plot which creates a constant, steady interest in the development. While there are many interesting and absorbing situations there is little heavy tragedy save at the very end.

On its own merits Audrey is a very readable book. Few persons will be content to read it merely once, for its pages, opened at random, will occupy many a spare half hour with its delightful pictures of life in Virginia, the hunt of the Indians, the story of a mountain maid, orphaned by the Indians, who was ignorant that she was loved and ignorant that she loved. The awakening from the dream was cruel and was followed by a period of estrangement from the lover, during which the displaced beggar maid became the pride of the colony on the little provincial stage. The conclusion is tragic but is the logical development of the plot.

"Audrey's Audrey" is the central figure of the story, yet there are other strong characters. One cannot outlive the little Quakeress, Freeborn, whose gentle interest for peace are lost upon the warlike Scotchman, MacLean. The gentleman Howard and the lady Evelyn Byrd are accurate portraits of the great people of the time; both have the bright pride of birth, yet both also have an innate kindness and loveliness which compels the admiration. The characters are all well and consistently drawn.

Audrey will undoubtedly prove one of the best selling books of the year. Whether it will equal the record of To Have and To Hold remains to be seen, but the probabilities are that it will not, for, while in many respects Audrey is the better book, it lacks the ultra sensational incidents which partially accounted for the tremendous sale of its predecessor from Mabel Johnson's pen. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Dr. Appleton and Company have just brought out a new edition of The Presidents of the United States, edited by General James Grant Wilson. The article on President McKinley gives a brief and accurate résumé of the Spanish-American War and concludes with the story of the great president's tragic end. A sketch of President Roosevelt is added, written by Owen Wister. To the beautiful steel engravings of the previous editions has been added a fine portrait of the latest and youngest of the nation's chief magistrates. The notable list of contributors includes Secretary John Hay who wrote the sketch of Lincoln; Jefferson Davis, who wrote the life of Zachary Taylor; Carl Schurz, who reviewed Rutherford B. Hayes; Horace Porter on Grant; and William Walter Phelps on Garfield. The book forms an interesting history of the United States from the view-point of the White House.

DAVID HARRIS has proved itself to be the most phenomenal book of the age. The following semi-annual record of sales furnished by the Appletons, shows some astonishing figures especially when it is remembered that a review is considered "successful" if it reaches a circulation of only a few thousand. From September 23, 1899, the date of publication, to January 1, 1900, the sales were 15,000 copies; July 1, 1899 the copies sold were 141,750; January 1, 1900, 312,750; July 1, 1900, 466,750; January 1, 1901, 501,500; July 1, 1901, 516,500; January 1, 1902, 537,000 and March 1, 1902 they had reached the enormous total of 650,500 copies.

The value of Congressman Burton's new book, Financial Crises (D. Appleton and Company), as an authority on financial and industrial problems has been recognized in London fully as much as it has been here, and arrangements have been made to bring out an English edition.

## The March Magazines.

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA.—The March Country Life in America heralds the coming of spring, and with added pages, offers a profusion of superb pictures relating to all sorts of wild and domestic life of the woods, the fields and of country places. The estate feature, this month, is the "New England Garden Home" of Mrs. Jack Gardner, showing the Italian and Japanese landscape architecture. Other leading articles are: "The Sugar-Brush," which treats pictorially of the unique American industry of maple-sugar making; "The Animals of the Farm," a bit of farm philosophy; and a poem by John Burroughs entitled "A March Glee." Several really notable features are by experts in photography. Of these A. H. Radcliffe Dugmore contributes "The Life of the Trapper," camera-shots of big game illustrate an article on "The Passing of the Blacktail," and a series of beautiful photographs of flying fish-hawks are the work of Alfred J. Meyer. "The Return to the Soil" is an editorial discussion of the city man in agriculture and country home making. "Common Sense in the Poultry Yard" treats of the selection of stock. While in various articles and departments timely hints are given about greenhouses, hotbeds, and lawn-making on the home grounds and on the golf green. A "catalogue" of various country pursuits includes suggestions for some novel sports. Altogether, the success of this most beautiful of magazines is inevitable; it grows monthly in number of pages and breadth of feeling for the outdoor world, and already is twice the size originally planned.

THE WORLD'S WORK for March appears with a new and striking cover. Inside the covers, however, the magazine presents its usual clear, vivid interpretation of events. The leading editorials this month deal with the new international position of the United States—the changed attitude of European nations to the Republic. The visit of Prince Henry furnishes occasion in part for this and leads incidentally to an article about the Kaiser. "The German Emperor as He Is"—by Wolf von Schierbrand, and a short editorial

article entitled Anglophobia in Germany. The leading illustrated features of the number are Prof. Hubert H. Hill's description of the great American desert, and an article by Arthur Goodrich on the typically American sculpture—Solon Borglum, the cowboy sculptor—a story tracing the development of the man and his art. Articles by William A. Jones, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, on a New Indian Policy, and Dr. E. C. Branson, President of the Atlantic State Normal School, on the Social Southern Problem, are especially valuable as testimony of authorities on two absorbing questions.

OUTING.—There are, in all, twenty-three features in the March number of Outing, including Mr. Caspar Whitney's regular monthly review of the current topics in the world of sport. From the frontispiece, which is a three-color reproduction of a Dutch scene, drawn by Outing by George Wharton Edwards, to the closing sentence, there is not a dull line or an uninteresting illustration in the book.

ST. NICHOLAS for March contains besides the amusing long story good shorter stories by Henry Helewell Bennett, who tells of a newspaper-beat; Elizabeth Knowlton Carter, who has an unusually interesting boarding-school story; Pauline Jenks, who tells a clever fairy story for little folks; and Kate Miller Bates, who follows a letter written to her while a child by Oliver Wendell Holmes—a charming letter worthy of a kindly poet. Meredith Nugent contributes a practical article giving directions for extracting amusement from a novel kind of tops—tops made of china plates.

THE CENTURY for March contains two features in the field of popular science, either one of which would give distinction to a number of the magazine—an authoritative record of Marconi's recent work by P. T. McGrath, with a prefatory note by Mr. Marconi authenticating the paper, and a popular article by Dr. Albert P. Matthews entitled "The Nature of the Nerve Impulse," setting forth the details of the writer's investigations, the recent announcement of which has stimulated public interest and curiosity. In the "Year of American Honor" are "The Modern Babes of the Old Fox and the Young Fox" by George Ade, in which the former sets forth age and entertaining philosophy for the conduct of life and business; "The Strike on the Schenectady Railroad," a Pennsylvania Dutch story—quite a novelty in strikes—by John Luther Long, the author of "Madame Butterfly"; contributions by Oliver Herford, Carolyn Wells, Wallace Bruce Ambury and others. In the "Collector's Series" Philip G. Hubert, Jr., narrates "A Bavarian Bric-a-Brac Hunt," with illustrations.

## Tiverton.

There were all sorts of trouble in North Tiverton, last week, and as the result Edward Brophy, his brother Tom, "Dad" McKeown, and Peter Hodgson were locked up in jail, Sunday night, by Officers Gillan, Pencock and Cummings. Tom Brophy is suffering from a cut in the head caused by coming into contact with Captain Gillan's club, while Captain Gillan is badly battered up with a black eye, cut head and numerous bruises. The trouble, which was in the nature of a rough and tumble fight, was started by the officers forcing an entrance into Brophy's back room in the rear of his saloon, where some half dozen men were drinking. It was about 9 o'clock Sunday evening when the three officers entered Brophy's premises. Approaching the back door, Captain Gillan gave the peculiar knock by which the thirsty in search of places to quench their thirst are admitted. When the door was cautiously opened by the door-keeper, the officers entered. In the room were a number of men drinking, and when they espied the officers' pseudonymism reigned supreme. The lamp was extinguished by a missile that was thrown at it and the officers found themselves in darkness. Taking advantage of the darkness the men present endeavored to make good their escape, the officers following. One or two of the men reached the ground safely by jumping from a second story window, while the others following the two Brophys escaped through a door leading into the front of the house and succeeded in fastening the same in the faces of the officers.

Just as Captain Gillan entered, followed by the other officers, he was struck squarely in the face by a heavy beer glass. In the scuffle that followed Tom Brophy succeeded in obtaining possession of the shovel and struck Captain Gillan on the head, inflicting a deep wound. The officer pulled his revolver and fired it in the air, thinking to frighten the men into submission. Finally, after he had been clubbed into submission, Tom Brophy, or Michael Hanley, was arrested and taken to the lockup.

Both Brophy's and Captain Gillan's wounds were dressed by Dr. Trainor. It was found necessary to take six stitches in Brophy's case and three in Capt. Gillan's. The matter has created quite an excitement in Tiverton.

## Something in her Favor.

Manning. What is there to be said about the girl, anyway? Mrs. Manning. Well, there is one thing, at least. She never gave her mother a cross word. Manning. Yes, that is something. Does she not live with her mother? Mrs. Manning. Bless your heart, her mother died when the girl was less than a year old.

"This dollar"—began the cashier of the restaurant as he scrutinized the coin.

"Is bad, eh?" interrupted the sour looking patron.

"Well, it doesn't look very good."

"That's just like it, and if it's anything like the dinner I had it'll taste even worse than it looks."

Catholic Standard and Times.

## \$33.00 to Pacific Coast

Chicago & North-Western R'y. During the months of March and April \$30.00 from Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Ogden and Salt Lake City; \$30.00 Spokane; \$33.00 Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria and a large number of other points. Tourist Sleeping Cars daily to the Pacific Coast. For maps and particulars apply to nearest ticket agent or address J. E. Brittain, 365 Washington street, Boston, Mass.—3-8-Sw.

"How old is she?"

"Oh, very, very old. She's quit pulling out her gray hairs."

## The Cowboy Sculptor.

Everyone who enjoys the romance of real life will be interested in Arthur Goodrich's story of the life of Solon Borglum, the sculptor, in "The World's Work for March. Mr. Borglum's ranch life is described as follows:

"Up at Loop River he built a shack, stocked his ranch and surrounded himself with 'boys' who threw a lariat or broke a wild horse as well as he did—simple, rough fellows who bunked with him in the little cabin or rode with him on the prairie. Through the long, cold winter months, facing the cutting wind and snow of the blizzards on the plains, around the crackling fire inside the cabin, while Joe Andrews, his right-hand man, or one of the other 'boys' told stirring stories of other storms and narrow escapes from death, then on through the spring work, the delight of the true cow-puncher, and the long baking summer and finally the alert, straining days of the fall round-up, these men and their horses lived together daily comrades. The plains and their isolation knitted their lives into a single piece. Many a time a pony was unruly in the yard about the cabin, and was caught and controlled only by the most subtle cowboy strategy and brute force, but once on the open plain with the long reach of prairie in every direction the man and horse became one in their loneliness, and each told in sympathy with the other. It was so with men as well.

"His early sensitiveness of the impressions of the plains and life that ran wild over them matured into a deep sympathy and manly tenderness. Many a time he would urge or lead his pony up some undiscovered ridge of country and, reaching the top, he would sprawl on the sand hill and watch the wind now paths in the bunch grass below or, looking over the stretch of silent plain and hill to the illimitable blue beyond, he would unwittingly know himself a part of a great inexplicable something that he could not understand or express. Or after a stampede, as he sat in the saddle or stood beside his horse at night alone, with the sweating flank of the herd before him, and the hills and his cabin back of him somewhere in the blackness, the fierce epic of the plains wrote itself into his heart while he knew it not. Across the black ground, where the blizzard swept snow and steel into his face, he guided the herd past the dry runs and gullies in which the treacherous snow lay like a quicksand, and when a cow would falter, half frozen and exhausted, with the wiled cry of a coyote in his ears he kept courage in the beast because he disliked to leave her to die. When there was a brawl at a celebration dance in town, attended by all the cow-boys of the country round, after the round-up, he was always looked upon as peace-maker. His quiet fearlessness and the thorough knowledge of his work made him the adviser of many a neighboring ranchman, and he watched over one horse ranch controlled by an Easterner as carefully as he handled his own property."

## Our Trade With Germany.

The commerce of the United States with Germany exceeds that with any other country of the world, except the United Kingdom. Our exports from Germany in the fiscal year 1901, were larger than those of any preceding year, with a single exception; our exports to that country in 1901 were larger than in any preceding year, and our total commerce with Germany in 1901 was larger than in any earlier year. This commerce has grown from \$29,578,845 in 1895 to \$292,220,329 in 1901, the total for 1901 being practically ten times as great as that of 1895.

The following table, from the official reports of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, shows the total imports into the United States from, and exports from the United States to Germany, at quinquennial periods from 1895 to 1901:

	Imports from Germany.	Exports to Germany.	Total.
1895	\$29,578,845	\$29,578,845	\$59,157,690
1896	27,015,721	12,988,977	40,004,698
1897	22,217,712	50,166,285	72,383,997
1898	22,217,712	50,166,285	72,383,997
1899	35,215,731	62,227,701	97,443,432
1900	38,973,923	82,574,512	121,548,435
1901	81,011,063	22,227,133	103,238,196
1900	77,971,500	187,317,863	265,289,363
1901	100,415,002	191,805,127	292,220,129

Principal articles imported from Germany in the fiscal year 1901: Sugar, \$15,556,811; Chemicals, drugs, &c., \$12,593,889; Cotton manufactures, \$10,221,208; Silk manufactures, \$4,333,365; Leather manufactures, \$1,133,287; Toys, \$3,515,298; Earthen, stone and china-ware, \$3,392,825; Wool manufactures, \$3,169,731; Iron and steel manufactures, \$2,811,000; Cement, \$1,241,000; Paper and manufactures, \$2,352,161; Books, etchings, &c., \$721,780; Flax, hemp, jute manufactures, \$690,147.

Principal articles exported to Germany in the fiscal year 1901: Raw cotton, \$77,226,701; corn, \$17,305,220; Pork products, \$15,066,403; Mineral oil, \$8,746,697; Wheat, \$7,371,372; Copper and manufactures, \$7,819,088; Iron and steel manufactures, \$5,978,720; Oil cake and meal, \$5,285,862; Wood and manufactures, \$1,227,793; Tobacco and manufactures, \$4,041,749; Oleomargarine \$2,647,375; Naval stores, \$2,557,097; Flour, \$2,011,259; Seeds, \$1,258,100; Beef products, \$1,161,697; Leather and manufactures, \$1,001,068; Paraffin and paraffin wax, \$782,215.

## \$33.00 to California, Oregon and Washington

Chicago & North-Western R'y. from Chicago daily, March and April, only \$6.00 for berth in tourist car. Personally conducted excursions Tuesdays and Thursdays from Chicago and Wednesdays from New England. Illustrated pamphlet sent on receipt of two cent stamp to S. A. Hutchinson, Manager, 212 Clark street, Chicago.—3-8-Sw.

Mabel—I must say that for absolute untrustworthiness there's nothing like a man.

Kate—Why, what makes you say that?

Mabel—Well, you remember when I rejected Mr. Ralpinch about three weeks ago?

Kate—Yes.

Mabel—Well, he said he should certainly pine away and die, and I should be his murderer. Now, I just met him in the street with another girl, and actually, I believe the fellow has gained 20 pounds in weight.—Fib-Bits.

"The Rev. Dr. Lastly says you are a good fellow."

"The Rev. Dr. Fourthly's congregation, 'but your theology is rotten.'"

"I wonder now," mused Pastor Fourthly, "if he thinks I'm too 'high' church!"

"Next July," muttered Rivers, as he walked briskly along the street, rubbing his nose and ears to keep them from freezing, "I suppose I'll be hankering for just this kind of weather—blame my fool soul!"

## Women's Dep't.

## "The Indifference of Women."

It is often said that whenever the majority of women ask for suffrage, they will get it. But it is a simple historical fact that every improvement thus far made in the condition of women has been secured, not by a general demand from the majority of women, but by the arguments, entreaties, and "continual coming" of a persistent few. In each case the advocates of progress have had to contend not merely with the conservatism of men, but with the indifference of women, and often with active opposition from some of them.

When a man in Saco, Me., first employed a saleswoman, the alien boycotted his store, and the women remonstrated earnestly with him on the sin of which he was guilty in placing a young woman in a position of such publicity. When Lucy Stone began to try to secure for married women the right to their own property, women asked, with scorn, "Do you think I would give myself where I would not give my property?" When Elizabeth Blackwell began to study medicine, the women at her boarding-house refused to speak to her, and women passing her on the streets held their skirts aside so as not to touch her. It is a matter of history with what ridicule and opposition Mary Lyon's first efforts for the education of women were received, not only by the mass of men, but by the mass of women as well. In England, when the Oxford examinations were thrown open to women, the Dean of Chichester preached a sermon against it, in which he said: "By the sex at large, certainly, the new curriculum is not asked for. I have ascertained, by extended inquiry among gentlewomen, that, with true feminine instinct, they either entirely distrust, or else look with downright disfavor on so wild an innovation and interference with the best traditions of their sex."

In Eastern countries, where women are shut up in zenanas and forbidden to walk the streets unveiled, the women themselves are among the strongest upholders of these traditional restrictions, which they have been taught to think add to their dignity. The Chinese lady is as proud of her small feet as any American "nutt" is of her political disabilities. Hannah tells us that the idea of education for girls is so unpopular with the mass of Hindu women that when a progressive Hindu proposes to educate his little daughter, it is not uncommon for the women of his family to threaten to drown themselves.

All this merely shows that human nature is conservative, and that it is fully as conservative in women as in men. The persons much interested in any reform are always comparatively few, whether among men or women, and they are habitually regarded with disfavor, even by those whom the proposed reform is to benefit. Thomas Hughes says, in "Tom Brown at Rugby": "So it is and must be always, my dear boys. If the Angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven and head a successful revolution against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest which this poor old world greases under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with the upholders of the said vested interest, but with the respectable mass of the people whom he had delivered."

Women as a sex are not belligerent, and under whatever conditions of injustice or hardship they have been placed, the majority of them have never protested. Prof. James Bryce says, in "The American Republics":

Nothing strikes a Westerner with more disgust than the way he sees women treated in Mohammedan countries. It is not so much the enforced seclusion that revolts you as the tacit assumption that women are inferior creatures altogether, unfit to be companions for men, but rather to be reckoned a link between him and the brutes, and treated with little more regard than the latter. That they acquiesce uncomplainingly in this view, and assert their power in hidden and crooked ways, does not make the sight less offensive, or the results less mischievous.

Many changes for the better have been made during the last half century in the laws, written and unwritten, relating to women. Everybody approves of these changes now, because they have become accomplished facts. But not one of them would have been made to this day, if it had been necessary to wait till the majority of women asked for it. The change now under discussion is to be judged on its merits. In the light of history, the indifference of most women and the opposition of a few must be taken as a matter of course. It has no more national significance now than it has had in regard to each previous step of women's progress.

## Taxation and the Ballot.

The Remonstrance declares that the payment of taxes has no bearing upon the right to vote. U. S. Senator Hoar has well said:

"We have driven our leading opponents from one position to another, until there is not a thoughtful opponent of woman suffrage to be found who is not obliged to deny the doctrine which is affirmed in our Declaration of Independence."

Last year the New York Legislature gave tax-paying women in all the towns and villages throughout the State the right to vote upon questions of local taxation. This bill had passed the popular branch of several successive Legislatures by heavy majorities—one year unanimously before it succeeded in getting through the Senate. When it finally became a law, the fact was hailed with gratification even by newspapers that had always been opposed to equal suffrage. The Chicago Evening Post voiced a very general sentiment when it said:

"The question of letting all women vote on all questions may be debatable; but the question of letting all tax-payers vote for all officers concerned in taxation hardly seems to have two sides."

Even the N. Y. Times said that the passage of the bill was "not so much a victory for woman suffrage as the perfecting of woman's property rights."

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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## A Strong Hint.

A little girl went into a neighbor's house one day, and some apple parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile she said, "I smell apples."

"Yes," the woman replied, "I guess you smell these apple parings on the plate."

"No, no," said she, "I don't smell them I smell. I smell whole apples."

Narcissa. "What did the editor say when he examined your poem?"

Doris. "He handed it back to me and said it was evidently one that I had 'dashed off.'"

Narcissa. "Then what did you do?"

Doris. "I dashed off a few indignant tears and came away."

"I told you," protested the indignant guest, "to bring me only half a cup of coffee."

"Aw, well, de 'matter wit' drinkin' only de half of it?" airily responded the new waiter.

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